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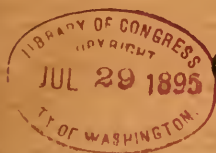
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BATTLE OF CLONTARF

AND



OTHER POEMS

BY

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PREFACE.

It is a great misfortune that the history of Ireland is not generally read. It is not read, as a school book, in any country. It is excluded from the Irish National Schools of Ireland, England, Scotland and the British colonies. The Irish are losing their native language and neglecting the study of the history of Ireland. Irish scholars are more familiar with the history of Greece and Rome than with the history of Ireland. They are as familiar with English literature as with the literature of Ireland. England manages to have her authors quoted and read in the British dominions and in America. The Irish all over the world should promote the study of the history of Ireland and Irish literature and show the world how Ireland has struggled for a thousand years for freedom; how Ireland has been oppressed by the cruel laws and tyranny of England. "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Irishmen in America can cripple England commercially and financially, as a means to accelerate this opportunity for gaining the independence of Ireland! Irish patriots all over the world will ever cherish the memory of Clontarf, Limerick and Wexford. The name of Brian Boru, King of Munster and monarch of Ireland, will always be dear to the hearts of patriotic Irishmen until the end of time. The immortal heroes who fought and died for their country on the field of Clontarf and broke the Danish power all over the world should never be forgotten! The memory of Clontarf and "Brien the Brave" should be cherished by every Irish patriot who hopes for the glory and independence of Ireland, when his country shall take its place among the nations of the earth. The author confidently hopes that the poem on Clontarf, which has been

published to perpetuate the memory of Brian Boru, will be welcomed by Irish patriots. The author remembers when the picture of Brian Boru was in the school readers of Ireland. His picture has been carefully excluded from the national school books of Great Britain and Ireland and English colonies.

The battle of Clontarf is one of the great decisive battles of the world. A victory of christianity and Ireland's independence over foreign invaders, paganism and barbarism. The memory of Brian Boru and the battle of Clontarf has inspired the Irish with the hope of a decisive victory over the English invaders.

The poems on Limerick and Wexford make an important part of the history of Ireland. The songs are all patriotic. Songs are read by people who never read history. "Brian Boru's March," "A Dream," "God Made the Land Free," "Anti-Renter's March" and "Ireland's Hymn of Liberty," can be set to music. Any person who wishes to set them to music should correspond with the author. Ireland's "Hymn of liberty" and the "Anti-Renter's March" are composed to familiar Irish airs. "God Made the Land Free" is composed to an "Irish air" familiar to Irishmen. "God Made the Land Free," "Anti-Renter's March," and "Ireland's Hymn of Liberty," are oppor-tune to Land-Leaguers and all opposed to Irish landlords.

The author confidently hopes that this little volume will be welcomed by every Irish patriot, that it will find a place in every Irish home and public library, and that patriotic Irishmen will help its circulation.

The portraits of Cormac, king of Munster, "Ireland's Golden Age," Robert Emmet, Brian Boru and Sarsfield should be in every Irish family. The portraits of Brian Boru and Sarsfield are scarce.

The author hopes that these portraits will revive in every Irish heart the ancient military glory of the Irish race and the hope of Ireland's glory and independence.

DEDICATION.

To Irish heroes and patriots who fought for Ireland's independence and national glory, and all friends of Irish independence, this volume is most respectfully dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

APRIL 23, A. D. 1014.

Maelmurra, to Erin great cause of woe,
To his country he was a deadly foe!
That vile traitor first inspired the plan
To sell his country to the Scandian clan.
The Vikings their war fleets proudly bore
From Anglesea to the Baltic's frozen shore.
Siguard of Orkneys joined the league,
The Danes of Shetland and the Hebrides;
Norway's great king and the Norish clan.
Their rendezvous was the Isle of Man.

Siguard, Brodar, in their ships set sail,
In war's array entered Dublin bay.
In that battle many a hero fell
Who came from the isles between Man and Yell.
Suibne of Man his "war arrow" flew,
From isle to isle among his vassal crew.

Erin's immortal chief, Brian the Brave,
In prose and song long will live his name!
At early dawn of that eventful day
The hostile armies met in war's array,
To the conflict the Irish chiefs advance,
With sword and shield, the battle-ax and lance.
Ireland's heroes now are pale with rage
And hand to hand with the foe engage.
Like a wall of steel the Northmen stood,
With their bright arms and thirst for Irish blood.
Brian's sons, for God and Erin's right,
Sword in hand plunged in the thickest fight.
The brave O'Connor his men to battle led,

Before his sword the Danes in heaps lie dead.
Sword met sword, the battle-ax the spear;
The crash of arms resounded far and near.
The hardy Danes in their green armor bright
Came from their ships and mingled in the fight.
Like a forest of glittering swords and spears
The men in armor on the field appear.
Brian's household guards with the battle-ax
The men in armor did hew and hack.
The God-like Morrogh the Dalcassians led—
The first who struck a Danish chieftain dead,
His broadsword dealt destruction round,
Until the foe lie bleeding on the ground.
Friends and foe lie dying side by side
From Howth to Liffey's flowing tide!

Morrogh, chieftain, Brian's eldest son,
On Clontarf's field deeds of valor won.
Against the Danes his valor did employ,
Like Ajax before the walls of Troy.
Steward of Marr, Scotland's valiant chief,
Fought and bled on Clontarf's bloody field.

Siguard and Thorlogh fought hand to hand,
Like Greek and Trojan with shield and brand.
To the Irish chieftain the Dane did yield
Bleeding he lies on the battlefield.
On the plain and on the sloping shore
Men fought and bled in streams of human gore,
Till rills and streams ran in crimson flood,
And friends and foes lie in pools of blood.
The clash of arms the high heavens wrung—
The greatest battle fought beneath the sun!
The Irish phalanx stood the battle's shock
And their lines stood as firm as a rock!
The war-cry rent the clouds of heaven.
"Quarter" was neither asked nor given!

The wounded wound and seek each others hearts
With swords and spears and the murderous darts,
The Danes for conquest the Irish for the right
In bloody conflict fought from dawn to night.
Christian and pagan met face to face,
And fought for life, and their name and race!
The tide of battle and the clang of arms
Rolled o'er the field like the winter's storms.
"The ten hundred," in their armor green,
Fell that day on Clontarf's bloody field.
Great was the slaughter on the field of fame;
Maelmurra of Leinster met a traitor's fate.
In that day's battle fought for Erin's right
Brian's sons and grandsons perished in the fight.

No Irish chieftain ever thought of flight,
Rather he'd perish in that eventful fight.
Anrud and Canuteson, with gushing wounds,
On the plain lie prostrate on the ground.
Giant warriors bleeding on the shore,
Their homes and friends never will see more.
Grand was the charge o'er plain and strand,
To drive the Northmen from Erin's land.
The shouts of victory the heavens wrung
As the Danes, retreated with the sun,
And in their ships with the clouds of night
O'er the sea the Northmen took their flight.

The God-like Brian to the foeman's ire
A victim falls, and in his tent expires!
Irish valor Victory crowned that day,
The Danes fled to their ships in Dublin Bay.
The vanquished Danes fled o'er the main,
To Erin's Isle they ne'er return again.
The vision of Valhalla's terrific scene
After the battle by the Norse was seen!
The Islemen their friends in song bewail,



A PITCHED-BATTLE BETWEEN THE IRISH AND THE DANES.

(IN THE REIGN OF KING BRIAN BORU.)

“Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her:
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader:
When her kings, with standard of green unfur’l’d,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger:—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.”



Heroes who fought on Clontarf's bloody plain.
 "Brian's Battle," as mentioned in the Sagas,
 Will live in song to the remotest ages!
 The Danes of Dublin from the city wall
 Shrieked with horror as the Northmen fall.

The haughty foe to the Baltic sail,
 But few were left to tell the mournful tale.
 Erin was freed from the invaders' yoke,
 O'er the world the Danish power was broke.
 Brian won the world's praise and renown
 His victory broke the Scandian power.
 In the annals of Scotland, Wales and Man,
 The name of Brian long will live in song.

From Athlone to the Atlantic deep,
 For those heroes mothers sigh and weep;
 And from Suir to Shannon thousands deplore,
 Sires and sons they never will see more.
 From Kerry reeks to Blackwater side,
 Galtymore, the Lee and River Bride,
 Mothers and daughters lament and mourn,
 The brave heroes who never will return.
 Kilmallock, Adare, Cashel and Macroom,
 And from Kilfinane to the Hill of Doon,
 Aughrim, Galway and Stormy Kilkee,
 Mayo, Sligo, Killala and Loughrea!
 What aching hearts and what dismal wail
 For dear friends who'll ne'er see home again.
 O'er Erin's Isle widows and mothers mourn
 The brave heroes who never will return.

FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship is a jewel;
 It is a gift from heaven;
 But the friendship we can claim,
 Is the friendship we have given.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

William advanced and James retired,
For a final stand on th' famous Boyne—
On th' last day of June the hostile lines
Confront'd one another on the banks of the Boyne.
On th' placid stream was heard the cannon
Which warned of the fatal morrow,
July the first, that memorable day,
Th' hostile armies met in war's array.
William, at Old Bridge, crossed the ford,
While James stood inglorious at Dunore.
James' brave gunner, cried, "My liege sire
I have the three kingdoms in a line."
King James hesitates, he did falter;
He cri'd, "Don't make a widow of my daughter."
James was defeated—France did feel th' shock—
The Irish army then had fallen back—
On the Shannon line, Irish chivalry
Made a stand with Sarsfield's cavalry.
King James left Ireland doomed—sad fate!
And scampered off to Dublin Gate—
Athlone and Aughrim fell—oh, sad fate—
Sarsfield cri'd, we'll stand at Limerick Gate.
William confident of a victory
Laid siege to Limerick—fam'd city—
To destroy William's heavy siege cannon,
Sarsfield and his men crossed th' Shannon.
Sarsfield's brave men did not curb a reir
Until they met with William's siege train,
And like the typhoon's wild fearful blast
His troops swooped down on William's camp—
The guards were sabered—th' convoy slain,
And William's siege guns were all aflame.
William's army felt th' shock with sorrow—



GENERAL PATRICK SARSFIELD.

(EARL OF LUCAN.)

DEFENDER OF LIMERICK, A. D. 1691.

"Sarsfield is dying on Lauden's plain!
His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, 'Oh! that this was for fatherland!'
Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
For he died in the arms of victory,
And his dying words shall edge the brand
When we chase the foe from our native land."



Sarsfield crossed th' Shannon on th' morrow.
 He entered the city—what delight,—
 The champion of freedom,—th' nation's right.
 William's army—a mercenary band—
 Who for mere pay left their fatherland—
 They had many hirelings in their train,
 The gay Frenchman and the savage Dane;
 Dutch, Prussian, Swiss, and th' Huguenots;
 English, Anglo-Irish, and th' hardy Scots—
 This hireling host fought for bread and pay—
 The Irish had but a penny a day!—
 William's siege guns poured shot like rain—
 Thirty-six guns, and four mortars was th' train.
 Red hot shot and shell like rain did fall.
 A breach was made in the solid wall.
 The English shout'd when they saw the gap,
 But soon they found that it was a trap.
 Twelve thousand foemen made the attack,
 With great slaughter they were driven back—
 A second assault was made in vain—
 Many of Ireland's foemen were slain.
 Midst huzzas shot and shell fell like rain,
 The haughty foe was put to rout again,
 Many of the foemen fell that day—
 English, Anglo-Irish, Prussian and Dane.
 They were, indeed, a fierce motley crew,
 Those foreign hirelings—“(Dutch, White and Blue)”—
 The Irish fought like a brave Spartan band,
 And pursued William to his camp—
 What sad disappointment—what chagrin
 This defeat was to the British king.
 Out spoke the king, “Limerick soon would fall
 Had I that handful of men behind that wall!”
 William decamp'd—confusion and ire—
 The houses of the sick were set afire.
 Four days after this eventful day,
 William left the city in despair.
 His pride was hurt—what bitter sorrow—

The British king bow'd to Irish valor!
Next summer, th' roar of British cannon
Resounded on the lordly Shannon.
Ginkle, Talmash, Makay with a train
Pour'd into Limerick shot like rain.
Into the city, from th' Shannon deep
Shot and shell rain'd from the British fleet,
The city wall close to the Shannon
Was breach'd by sixty twelve pound cannon.
The English grenadiers led the attack
And the Dutch guards follow'd in their track.
Through the breach more columns did advance,
While showers of grape decimat'd their ranks.
And still more columns reinforce'd their lines
They enter'd th' city under deadly fire—
English batteries rain'd shot meanwhile
Till the city was engulf'd in fire.
The smoke from the city spread far and wide
Till it obscur'd Keeper's Mountain side.
Fresh columns advanced—Dutch auxiliary—
Brandenburgers captur'd th' "black batter"—
All hope was then fading in the gloom—
Th' inhabitants thought th' city met its doom.
Great was the slaughter, terrific th' strife,
The combat raged for death or life.
Th' hopes of th' inhabitants would expire,—
Under th' battery Sarsfield sprung th' mine.
Th' terrific explosion did the city shock
As an earthquake doth a mountain rock—
Th' Brandenburgers were now overthrown—
Th' fierce invaders were in pieces blown.
For their altars, hearths, country and homes
Limerick women fought the hireling foe—
The women frantic with wild despair—
Mothers, wives, daughters—(the beauties fair),
On th' foemen made a sudden dash—
They were the foremost in the Irish ranks.

Once more may we see such a noble sight—
 Ireland's women fighting for Irish right.
 When will such a sight be seen again,
 Women fighting side by side with men?
 Amidst shot and shell and cannon ball
 Men and women stood like a solid wall.
 And as the lightning in th' heavens flash
 The Irish phalanx on the foemen dash.
 The British stagger'd and th' Irish did shout,
 Th' foe in confusion was put to rout.
 October third—Limerick's defender
 By "treaty" to Ginkle did surrender.
 This "treaty" to Limerick brought fame—
 Punic England lost honor and name.
 What dishonor to the British throne—
 Proud Limerick and th' "treaty stone."
 Limerick's defenders 'yond the main
 Won renown in Austria, France and Spain,
 They lost Limerick and th' fatal Boyne,
 They won laurels at fam'd Fontenoy.
 Irishmen, remember now as of yore
 Perfidious Albion and th' "Treaty Stone"!
 Ere for England you shed blood again
 Either on land or on th' briny main,
 Forget not England's perfidy in th' past,
 Remember Limerick and Mullaghmast !

SPARKING IN THE KITCHEN.

Ye maidens all, this you should know,
 When working in the kitchen,
 That you should speak in accents low,
 And stop your foolish flirting.
 With reckless fellows who do sneak
 Like scullions in the kitchen;
 Their company you should never keep,
 For reasons I will not mention!

WEXFORD IN 1798.

For centuries, th' people's necks were bent,
 To landlords, agents, tithes, and high rent,
 Th' landlord robbers—Norman and Cromwellian,
 Drove the farmers to make laws agrarian.
 And to elude the despot's power,
 They made their laws at the midnight hour,
 To avoid informers—anti-Irishmen—
 They met in mountains, caverns, bogs and glen.
 They feared the prison and the rack,
 Pitch-cap, gibbet—yeomen on their track,
 Bloody nocturnal visits to their homes,
 Transportation, tread-mill, and th' "croppy" holes.
 England keeps th' people in constant awe,
 By that dreadful engine, martial law.
 What country, since the world's creation,
 Has suffered more than the Irish nation?
 The people were oppress'd by invasion,
 English bloody laws and confiscation,—
 But the great hope of the Irish nation,
 Was th' anticipated "French invasion."
 Though long old England did the Irish hate,
 She said "Fight the French and we'll conciliate."
 She makes fair promises in her weak hour,
 To be broken when she has th' power!—
 The colonial jailers of the Pale,
 Had a monopoly of Church and State.
 The English Tories were in confusion;
 They feared the French and revolution.
 Their Irish allies, the colonial jailers,
 Trembled with fear of a French invasion.
 Pen nor tongue their anguish can't portray
 When the French landed at Bantry Bay.
 Fate sav'd England—th' elements were her friend,

And Grouchy's fleet was driven by th' wind.
 Had not the winds Grouchy's fleet driven,
 Th' English connection would be riven.
 Winds and sails her allies long have been,—
 "Wooden walls" 'll sink by iron and steam;
 Tories hat'd democracy (—) "communistic,"
 The united Irishmen (—) "Irish Republic."

Wexford rebellion, th' anti-Irish deride,
 But patriots remember it with pride.
 And tho' tyrants mock the patriot's fate,
 We'll remember th' days of Ninety-Eight!
 Fire and sword—fiendish devastation,
 Drove Wexford people to desperation.
 The peaceful people were driven to ire,
 By horrid murders—ev'n nocturnal fire.
 The yeoman cavalry, early and late,
 Committed crimes too horrid to relate.
 The government want'd war, was it civil,
 To employ yeoman and "Tom the Devil?"
 Child, mother, virgin, sick,—(oh, what woe)
 Received no mercy from th' fiendish foe.
 The bloody tyrants—th' vandal power,
 Met a check, in an unlooked for hour.
 The tyrants soon felt the powerful rod,
 For setting fire ev'n to the House of God!
 A priest, beholding his church on fire,
 Said: "My people, we must fight or die!
 Resist tyrants, like men fight for your rights
 Even to death, resist Gowans and Whites.
 Grasp gun, sword, pike,—to arms! every man,
 And I, your priest, will bravely lead the van.
 Two thousand patriots, with an iron will,
 With Father Murphy, met at Oulart Hill.
 There they resolved their country to save,
 And fought the yeomen who long did them enslave.
 And like an avalanche o'er Alpine rock,

The Wexford patriots on the yeomen dash,
 The North Cork militia met vengeance dire,
 For all but five in th' conflict did expire.
 May we soon see such another sight,
 Irish patriots fighting for Ireland's right,
 The country blazed with the bonfire's glare
 And horns resounded on the midnight air,
 Horses gallop'd—th' horn served for a drum,
 To warn the people that war had begun.
 Enniscorthy had within her rampart walls,
 Wexford yeoman—men from Donegal,
 Town and fortress, after four hours' fight,
 Did then surrender to the Irish pike.
 The patriots followed on the foeman's tracks,
 And routed the bloodhounds at "Three Røcks."
 Wexford people to vengeance were driven,
 And in their ranks were seen men of Heaven.
 The brave patriots from th' foe ne'er did flinch,
 Rev. Father Murphy, Roach, Kearns and Clinch.
 The air was rent with huzzas—Irish cheering,
 For the victory at Tubberneering

And like thunder, was the deaf'ning yell,
 When the Irish pikeman on th' foemen fell.
 Grand refulgent was the wall of steel,
 As it glittered in the summer sheen;
 Like a hurricane was its awful dash;
 It crushed th' foemen at the winding pass.
 Oh! had Ireland an O'Neill or a Sarsfield then,
 Dublin would be freed from th' Saxon den,
 Old England's power would fall that day,
 Had th' French landed in Bantry Bay.
 The Irish patriots were in martial tune,
 They captured New Ross th' fifth of June.
 Harvey's treacherous blunder—sad mishap,—
 Th' Royal army recaptured New Ross,
 Which mar'd the junction with Fort Duncannon,



BRIAN BORU.

KING OF MUNSTER AND MONARCH OF IRELAND, A. D. 1014

“Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Tho’ the days of the hero are o’er:
Tho’ lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour’d
Its beam on the battle, is set:
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.”



Kilkenny, Galway, Limerick, and th' Shannon,
 The patriots met a reverse—sad blow,—
 They were repulsed at famed Arklow,
 The undaunt'd patriots of iron will,
 Then fell back on Vinegar Hill.
 Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, the same,
 At Carrickbyrne was put to rout with shame.
 The country was invest'd by land and sea,
 By yeoman, soldiers, and the British fleet,
 The troops of three kingdoms and the Hessian line,
 Like Goths and Vandals fell on one small shire!
 Like a Trojan or a Spartan band,
 Th' men of Wexford made a final stand,
 And like the ocean's angry tide,
 British troops pour'd in from ev'ry side.
 The fire and smoke—terrific—greater,—
 Than th' flames of Ætna's fiery crater.

Outnumbered—the patriots were vanquished—
 Overpowered—not conquered!
 The day was lost on hill and plain,—
 Irishmen 'll fight the battle o'er again.
 England will fall—sad will be her fate
 For her bloody deeds in Ninety-Eight.
 Irishmen, remember England's punie faith,
 She violat'd (—) promises in Ninety-Eight.
 The hireling soldiers with satanic rage,—
 Showed no mercy to sex or age,—
 In their fury and dreadful fiendish ire,
 Churches and hospitals, they set on fire,
 The magistrates follow in their tracks,
 With hangman and halter at their backs,
 In towns and in the king's highway,
 Men on gibbets swung night and day.
 What a drama was act'd then,
 By demons in the shape of men,
 The midnight slaughter, th' savage yell,—

Were th' monsters then let loose from hell !
 Fire, sword, famine, (—) midnight sack—
 Thousands groaned in dungeons and on th' rack,
 Many were entomb'd in filthy jails
 Their flesh was mangled with cat o'-nine tails.
 What lament—wailing—what salt tears,
 For the heads impaled on spears,—
 Drunken orgies—crimes horrible to tell,
 Oh! no mercy for sick, age, or sex,
 Mother, babe, virgin—hoary-headed sire,
 Oh! horrid crimes call for vengeance dire!
 The United Irishmen, th' patriots do inspire;
 They didn't surrender—many did expire—
 In the conflict with the tyrant's power,
 They braved death in that awful hour,
 Their memory 'll fight battles o'er and o'er,—
 (Fitzgerald, O'Connor, Emmet and Wolf Tone)
 From the tyrants thousands then did flee
 To every clime beyond the sea.
 Let Irishmen keep up agitation,
 For independence and separation.
 Let Irishmen wait for the wished for hour,
 (—) England at war with some great power,
 Then strike the blow, your chains to sever,
 Make Ireland free ever—for ever,
 Like Hercules, destroy the monster Hydra,
 British policy, "divide et empera."
 Be united—to arms every man!
 And bury th' hatchet of dividing clan.
 Ere you are free, knowledge must be sought,
 Exert your freedom in the realms of thought.
 Ireland 'll have complete emancipation
 Through universal education!
 The people must read—read with a will,
 To obtain knowledge—science and drill.
 You, who in England put your trust,
 Know that her bubble will soon burst,
 Her wealth and power 'll vanish like a dream

Before the Russians—science and steam,
 And all her ports, arsenals and docks,
 Will disappear from a mighty shock.
 And as the earthquake Lisbon did gulf down,
 Will come the destruction of London Town.
 Woe, woe to the English nation,
 War, famine, pestilence, conflagration.
 Ireland would be free, glorious and great,
 Were all her sons like those of Ninety-Eight!
 No matter what may be his gown or coat,
 Trust not the man who takes a “British oath;”
 Strike for liberty, strike with all your might,
 Use fire and sword, and even dynamite !

IRISH SOLDIERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The brave king Nial, the great and grand,
 Victories won in foreign lands;
 From Caledonia's Roman wall,
 To the land of the warlike Gaul,
 And from the Rhine's sunny shore
 To where the Alpine storms blow!
 Erin's kings, christian and pagan,
 Vanquished the proud invader.
 The brave heroes in days of yore
 Their country freed from shore to shore.
 The immortal Brian the Brave
 Vanquished the fierce and proud Dane
 On Clontarf's awful bloody plain.
 The Northmen in heaps were slain.
 Three hundred years of Danish yoke
 At Clontarf that day were broke,
 From the Suir to the River Bann,
 Erin was freed from the Danish clan.
 Brian's great decisive battle
 Never more will be forgotten.

The Normans came with sword and brand
 To desolate our native land.
 They spread destruction far and wide,
 From the Liffey to the Shannon side!
 Irish kings and chieftains true and brave
 Fought and died for Erin's sake,
 O'Brien, O'Conor, O'Neill fought and bled—
 Before their swords the foemen fled;
 On many a battlefield
 The Saxons were forced to yield.

For three hundred years and more
 The Irish kings fought the English foe.
 O'Neill the Great, at famous Benburb,
 The English invaders' peace did disturb.
 O'Neill, O'Donnell and gallant Maguire
 Vanquished the foe at Ballinaboy,
 Phelim O'Neill and Rory O'Moore ~
 O'Reilly, McMahan and Owen Roe,
 Fought Cromwell on the battlefield;
 To Saxon fraud at last did yield!

Sarsfield, defender of Limerick town,
 In France and Flanders won renown,
 The Irish exiles won great fame
 In Flanders, Austria, France and Spain.
 From the Rhine to Italy's fair shore
 The Irish fought in days of yore.
 The Irish made the Saxons fly,
 At Namur, Ramillies and Fontenoy.

With Washington the Irish race
 Fought and bled for freedom's sake.
 The Saxon foe they did defy,
 As on the plains of Fontenoy.
 And on many a bloody field
 The British were forced to yield.
 The Irish fought and won renown
 From Saratoga to Yorktown!

Now, we deplore the patriot's fate,
 Who fought and bled in "ninety-eight,"
 For their homes, altars and race,
 Freedom and their native place.
 They suffered for freedom's sake
 The pitch-cap, gibbet and the stake.
 The men of Wexford with the pike
 The yeomen cavalry put to flight.
 The Saxon foe was forced to flee,
 From the Barrow to the sea!

Long the Irish fought for king and crown,
 Their homes and altars and renown,
 Now the watchword from sea to sea
 "Ireland! Freedom! Equality!
 For Freedom and the Rights of Man!"
 The motto of a Republican!
 The English oft-repeated lie
 The Irish soldier doth deride,
 "That abroad the Irish are brave;
 At home they are cowards and slaves."
 History refutes this falsehood;
 The Irish fought in Saxon blood.

The Irish kings were valiant and true
 From Nial the Grand to Brian Boru.
 For three hundred years of bloody strife
 The Saxon foe was put to flight.
 To equal numbers the Irish never yield,
 For they are brave on the battlefield.
 At home or in a foreign land
 The field is not lost by an Irishman.

Have the brave heroes in battle slain
 For their country died in vain?
 Is Erin's glory of the past—
 Her liberty and valor lost?
 Who will wipe out this dire disgrace—
 Slaves to a vile perfidious race?
 Where are the heroes brave and strong
 Who will wipe out this cruel wrong!

GOD MADE THE LAND FREE.

I.

Landlords and agents now may lament,
 The people of Ireland'll pay them no rent;
 The people'll rally from mountain to sea,
 Their houses and lands for to make free.
 Ballinamona ora, Ballinamona ora,
 Ballinamona ora, God made the land free.

II.

Ye people of Ireland, now take a stand,
 And pay no more rent, for God owns the land;
 The purse-proud lords may lament and bemoan,
 But pay them no rent, for th' land is your own!
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

III.

The lordly tyrants must soon have a fall,
 The people no longer shall they inthrall;
 United and firm, on one thing agree,
 From landlord oppression you must be free.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

IV.

God has ordained that all men who toil
 Shall ever possess the fruits of the soil;
 This is a law that God did proclaim,
 That th' land is as free as th' light and th' air.
 Ballinamona ora, etc.

V.

Princes and lords, with fraud and with might,
Long have usurped man's holy right,
Despots and knaves, with th' sword and th' pen,
Have enslav'd the people again and again.

Ballinamona ora, etc.

VI.

Inscribe on your flag, in letters o' green,
That all men are born equal and free;
From mountain and plain, march to the strife,
Fight, now and ever, for land and life.

Ballinamona ora, etc.

VII.

Oh! sing the bold anthem, from shore to shore,
That God owns the land—that God we adore;
From landlord oppression, th' people'll be free,
They've paid for the land, they own it in fee.

Ballinamona ora, etc.

LIFE.

Ah! life has sunshine and shade,
And pleasure, joy and sorrow;
Let us be happy to-day,
Leave sorrow till to-morrow!

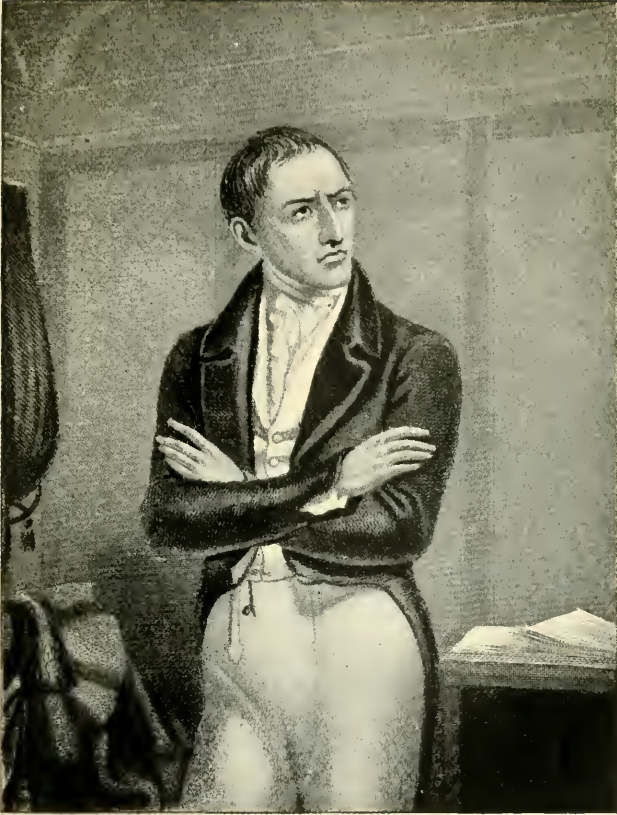
ANTI-RENTERS' MARCH.

Th' star of war now's advancing,
And the brave sons of Mars,
Their steeds are all a prancing—
And in freedom's noble cause,
We will all march together;
For to trample tyrants' laws,
We'll fight now and for ever.

Th' flowers of Erin now're blooming,
And the brave sons of toil,
Their rights they are resuming—
For our country and our right,
We'll march forward and steady;
For to vanquish tyrants' might,
We'll be loyal and ready.

God is th' Lord of all creation,
And man is a man,
Whatever be his station!
And Erin's brave bands
Now, now, are all a-meeting;
For their homes and lands,
They will all fight defending.

Down with the laws o' extermination,
And down with the rent,
All over the Irish nation;
Oh, you brave and you strong,
Of famine don't be expiring;
But to the battle throng,
And rather die a fighting.



ROBERT EMMET.

A POLITICAL MARTYR.

Died for Ireland, September 20th, A. D. 1803.



IRELAND'S HYMN OF LIBERTY.

IRISH AIR.

Sons of th' brave and free, rally from sea to sea,
Your country for to make free, from shore to shore;
Trample on th' despot's power, tyrants we'll pull down,
Heed not th' monarch's frown, now and for ever more;
Fight, you sons of Erin, all o'er the nation,
'Till Ireland takes her station, as in days of yore.

Behold your children's tears, and of your aged sires,
Hearken to th' widows' cries, for famine is quite sore!
Rally from country and town, landlords we'll pull down,
We'll trample on th' monarch's crown, we'll shed streams of
gore;
Rent and taxation, famine and desolation,
Shall ne'er oppress th' nation, while we've a pike or sword.

Off with the despot's yoke, down with the hireling hosts!
We'll banish the foreign foe, as Brian did the Danes;
Up with each stalwart man, vanquish the ruffian bands,
We will possess th' land, as our fathers did before;
No more transportation or extermination
Shall again scourge the nation, now or ever more.

Fear not the landlord's crew, fear not the titled few,
Fear not the hirelings too, for man must be free.
Dungeons 'll have a fall, down with prison bars,
Th' people will no more be thralls, we'll have liberty.
Rally with all your might, fight for human right,
March! March! to the strife, to death or victory!

A DREAM.—A MARCH.

As I lay a sleeping on my peaceful bed,
 I dreamt I was marching with the valiant dead;
 I dreamt I was mounted on a noble steed,
 Marching with O'Nial beneath the Irish green.

CHORUS.

The brave volunteers, the brave volunteers,
 I was marching to battle with the brave volunteers.
 I saw the green flag flying o'er mountain, hill, and dale,
 I was marching with Brian to fight the pirate Dane;
 And on the fields of Clontarf thousands then did bleed,
 And I saw th' Danes flying before the Irish steel.

The brave volunteers, etc.

I was marching to battle with Owen Roe and Tyrone,
 And with Sarsfield at Limerick—at the Treaty Stone;
 I saw the green flag waving o'er hills and doons,
 I saw the Saxon flying through the "Pass of Plumes."

The brave volunteers, etc.

I dreamt I saw Clare's dragoons mount'd on noble steeds,
 And before their charges the Saxon foe did reel;
 And before the volunteers the British foe did fly,
 At Limerick and Thurles—France and Fontenoy.

The brave volunteers, etc.

I saw the brave Clanrickarde with his Connaught clan,
 The O'Neils and O'Donnells from the banks of Bann;
 I saw O'Brien's forces from Shannon's verdant shore,
 And the brave mountain heroes from famous Galtymore.

The brave volunteers, etc.

And at Enniscortly in famous Ninety-Eight,
 I saw the bloody yeoman meet a bloody fate;
 I saw the French flag streaming in Killala Bay,
 And th' yeoman like fox-hounds flying in dismay.

The brave volunteers, etc.

I saw the Irish volunteers on a bloody field,
 And before their charges the Saxon foe did yield;
 I saw the British flying o'er the Irish sea,
 And I heard the shouts of victory, "Ireland is free"!!

By the brave volunteers, etc.

BRIAN BORU'S MARCH.

The green flag of Erin unfurl to view,
We will march to the battle the Danes to subdue;—
You sons of Erin, the loyal and true,
Come flock to the standard of brave Brian Boru.

Heroes of Connaught grasp sabre and shield,
Men of Mononia the battle-ax wield;
And your grand charges the foemen will rue,
When led by the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

The Vikings of Norway, the Swedes and the Dane,
The green hills of Erin will ne'er see again;
They'll fly in their ships o'er the deep ocean blue,
Before the grand charges of brave Brian Boru.

Stand by the "Sun-burst" you noble and brave,
Till all the fierce Norsemen lie cold in the grave;
We'll conquer or die for liberty's boon,
All hail! to the chieftain, the brave Brian Boru.

Down with the tyrants, from shore to shore,
'Till mountains and valleys are red with their gore;
We'll vanquish the Northmen on hill and doon,
Hurrah! for the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

The trumpet is sounding from mountain to sea,
Calling to the combat the brave and the free;
We'll stand by our colors, though death be our doom,
When led by the hero, the brave Brian Boru.

Sons of old Ireland be gallant and true,
And trail in the dust the English blue;
Drive from your country the vile Saxon crew,
And remember the glories of Brian Boru.

THE GIRLS OF ERIN.

The girls of Erin are fair to behold.
 They are as precious as silver and gold.
 They are as pure as the water that springs
 Out from the mountain and forms the rills.
 Bewitching is the glance of their eyes—
 And Cupid's arrows in showers do fly.
 This blind Cupid waits on them ever,
 Always ready with his bow and quiver.
 They are kind to the sick and the stranger,
 Never forsake a friend, even in danger.
 The girls of Erin are constant and true,
 They are never sullen—never the shrew.
 They are both true and constant in love
 As the dove and the angels above.
 Wherever you go you never will find
 A girl to equal the one left behind.
 The girl of fashion your money will spend,
 When your cash is gone on her don't depend.
 Th' true Irish girl whatever be your lot
 Will never forsake the choice of her heart.
 The Irish girl so modest and gay;
 Beware! she may steal your heart away.
 She is beautiful, modest and meek,
 With the glow of health on her rosy cheek.
 Th' girl of fashion is as sweet as honey;
 She is only sweet while you have money,
 Th' girl of Erin is virtuous and true;
 She will love you although you are poor.

 LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Look before you leap,
 Mind where you are going;
 You're better be discreet,
 Whatever your are doing.

THE DYING STRANGER-BOY.

A boy in a foreign land
Was sick with yellow fever;
His dear friends were not at hand
To comfort or relieve him.

His thoughts were on his mother dear,
And the friends he left behind him;
And when in dreams they did appear,
Oh, how he loved to meet them!

He dreamt of sisters far away,
And of father and of brother;
And the last words that boy did say,
"Oh! where are you, my dear mother?"

An angel-woman at his head—
Pity caused her heart to ache;
She closed his eyes as she said:
"I'll kiss him for his mother's sake."

May God have mercy on them both;
In heaven, I hope, they are now;
That angel-woman did not loathe
To kiss death's dew drops on his brow!

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Canst thou be true to me
As the magnet to the pole?
And where'er we may be,
Will thine heart be mine alone?

THE MEN OF ULSTER.

Arise, men of Ulster! for liberty rally,
 For your homes and your country and freedom contend;
 From mountain and moorland, from hill and valley,
 The cause of old Erin with our blood we'll defend.
 Let feuds be forgotten; let us be brothers,
 Let parties no longer divide us in twain;
 And in brotherhood we'll pull together,
 Let this be our watchword—Erin and repeal.

Oh! why should not Irishmen all be united?
 Whose children were cradled in one fertile isle;
 Why should the torch of foul discord be lighted?
 The Orange and Green should forever entwine!
 Away with foul treason; let our banner of green,
 Its colors combine with the orange and blue,
 How glorious and grand the sight will be seen,
 Let this be our watchword—"Erin and Home Rule."

Will Ulster stand back from her country's defenders,
 And forget the spirit of her children of yore?
 And your grandsires who at Dungannon assembled
 When tyranny was driven from Erin's green shore?
 No, no, by th' memory of your immortal dead,
 Who contended for freedom in proud Eighty-two—
 If the spirit of freedom from your souls have not fled
 Join Ulster for freedom—"Erin and Home Rule."

Will Ulster not join our struggles so glorious
 To win from the stranger our liberty now;
 And in one brotherhood we will be victorious,
 Till Erin is free from the despot's vile power?
 The north and the south should now be united,
 The east and the west to their country be true,
 May discord and treason ever be blighted,
 This is our watchword—"Erin and Home Rule."

Let freedom and brotherhood ever unite us,
 For our dear native land is Erin's green isle;
 The curses of ages have fallen upon us,
 As the relic of discord and England's foul crime.
 We swear by the Boyne and the Shannon's deep waters,
 That to God and our country we'll ever be true:
 In the cause of old Erin we never will falter,
 This is our watchword—"Erin and Home Rule."

THE BOYS OF GALLANT TIPPERARY.

Tipperary boys are ever true;
 From their country's foe they ne'er flew,
 Though in battle they were slew—
 The boys of gallant Tipperary.

They marched along with Brian Boru,
 By Shannon side at Killaloe;
 Their broadswords they fiercely drew—
 The boys of gallant Tipperary.

From Shannon shore to Galteymore,
 From Carrick streets to dark Aharlow,
 The Saxon churls they did lay low—
 The boys of gallant Tipperary.

At the city of sweet Clonmel
 Cromwell's soldiers there they fell;
 They were driven pell and mell
 By the boys of gallant Tipperary.

Tipperary boys will ne'er yield;
 They are the last to quit the field;
 They are the boys to fight and bleed—
 The boys of gallant Tipperary.

We swear by God never again
 To fight for England on land or main
 Until our rights we do regain—
 That is the vow of Tipperary!

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

The British came in war's array
 To sack the Crescent City, O;
 But Jackson there stood in their way
 With the hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O!
 The hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O!
 The hunters of Kentucky, O!

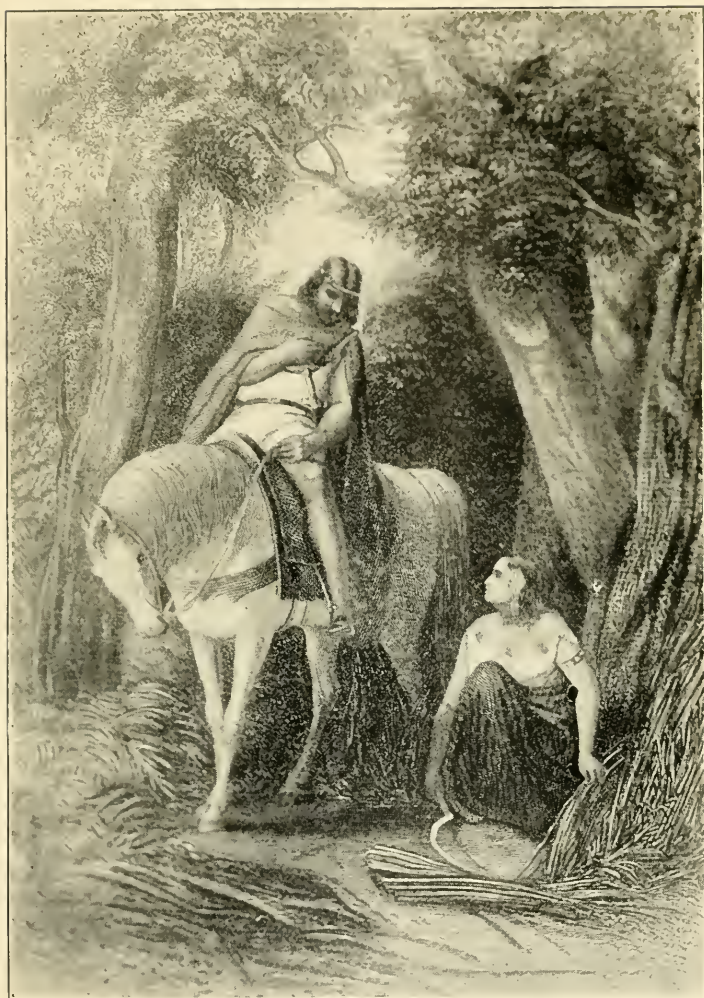
Packenham to his men did say,
 "I'll give you youth and beauty, O;"
 But soon he found another game,
 In the hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O! Etc.

The British charged on our lines
 Up to the bales of cotton, O!
 It would fill your heart with delight
 To see Kentucky drop them, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O! Etc.

Packenham there bleeding lay,
 Terrific was the slaughter, O!
 The British fled in dismay
 From the hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O! Etc.

The British fled o'er the sea;
 They did not want more fighting, O!
 They could not stand the lead and steel
 Of the hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O! Etc.

Don't you forget those gallant men,
 Likewise General Jackson, O!
 May we have men to fight again
 Like the hunters of Kentucky, O!
 Kentucky, O! Kentucky, O! Etc.



CORMAC.

KING OF CASHEL AND PRINCE-BISHOP OF CASHEL AND EMLEY.

“Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crush'd before them;
When free yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him,
The best honors worn by man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, etc., etc.”



BAD MANNERS.

He who shuts not the door tight
When he comes in late at night—
He may get a horrid fright,
 For his bad manners.

He who leaves the door ajar
When he should use a lock or bar—
He may get a horrid scare
 For his bad manners.

For a thief may slyly peep:
Into his bedroom quietly creep—
And leave the wretch to sigh and weep,
 For his bad manners.

He who has a chain or watch,
What's more useful, ready cash,
He should use a latch and lock
 Against intruders!

If a thief should lift the latch,
Into your room his head doth pop;
Hit him as you would a rat,
 For his bad manners!

FLIRTING IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Ye maidens fair bear this in mind,
It would prevent vexation;
The dining-room you'll always find,
Is no place for flirtation.

MEND YOUR MANNERS.

He who shuts not his bedroom door
Is a fool or a low boor;
It is not at college or school,
He got his manners.

Although for a dude he passes,
He was raised with low classes;
With steers, colts, mules and asses,
There he got his manners.

Or in a saw mill, raft or camp,
Or with gypsies on a tramp;
Or with cowboys on a ranch,
There he got his manners.

He who comes home late at night,
Tramps on the floor with all his might;
As if crazy, mad, or tight,
He should mend his manners.

He who boards at a public house,
Shouldn't make a racket, riot, or rout;
He should mind what he is about,
He should have good manners!

OVER CIVIL.

Some people are over civil,
When their minds are bent on evil.
Of such people you should beware,
And always have a special care!

THE MEN OF EIGHTY-TWO.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

Oh! for the men of sword and pen,
The noble, brave and true;
And for Brian's men to fight again,
And th' men of Eighty-Two.

And that brave band in foreign land,
Who died on Landen's plain;
For fatherland with sword and brand,
Our freedom to regain.

Oh! for Owen Roe and Brian Boru,
The bravest of the brave;
The volunteers of Eighty-Two,
The nation for to save.

Bold Harry Flood with Grattan stood,
For freedom and repeal;
And Charlemont the great and good,
Our rights did then maintain.

And true men, wake from your despair,
March to the battle's tune;
And in twain you'll break your chain,
Like th' men of Eighty-Two.

And you to-day beyond the waves,
Who love old Ireland too;
Remember still your fathers' graves,
And th' men of Eighty-Two.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER'S MARCH.

I was born near the Galtees, that place is ever dear,
 I paid rent to a landlord for many a long year,
 Till I joined "Capt. Moonlight," with sabre, gun, and spear;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer!

As I and my comrades were drilling with our spears,
 The peelers were a watching us—for them we had no fear;
 For we can shoot and fight, my boys, and jump over anywhere;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer!

As I and my companions were marching rank and file,
 We chanced to meet a traitor who had taken many a bribe;
 We shot him through the heart, my boys, and to the woods did
 steer;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer!

With our guns on our shoulders we wandered up and down,
 We met a troop of cavalry coming from the town;
 We fought them hand to hand, my boys, till they scamper'd like
 a deer;
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer!

Now to fight for freedom it is our intent,
 Down with the cruel landlords and their cursed rent;
 The rent that we will give them is lead and cold steel!
 O, it is my delight to march and fight the Irish Volunteer!

 THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

Moorestown is my native land,
 Parish of Kilfinane;
 Limerick county, rich and grand;
 Erin's green dominion.

OUR BANNER OF GREEN.

AIR.—Cruiskeen Lawn.

Fling our banner to the breeze,
Let it wave o'er land and sea,
Unfurl the green banner to the wind.
 Then rally to the fight,
 We'll battle for the right,
Let the cowards remain behind, behind, behind;
Let the cowards remain behind.

With our green flag on the gale,
Our freedom we will proclaim;
And tyrants we will hurl from the throne.
 No more will we be thralls,
 We will burst the prison walls,
And our green flag shall wave from shore to shore, shore, shore;
And our green flag shall wave from shore to shore.

On the mast-head high,
Let our green flag fly;
Its green folds to the breeze we'll unfurl.
 And from sea to sea,
 'Neath our flag of green,
From Erin the vile foe we will hurl, hurl, hurl;
From Erin the vile foe we will hurl.

Plant our banner on the wall,
And whatever may befall,
We'll maintain the green banner with our gore.
 And on the mountain's side,
 We'll conquer or we'll die,
Then let the green banner for ever soar, soar, soar;
Then let our green banner forever soar.

And in the battle's shock,
 We'll be firm as a rock,
 We will triumph o'er England's vile power.
 And our flag of green,
 In the summer sheen,
 We will plant on every hill and tower, tower, tower;
 We will plant on every hill and tower.

With sweet music in the air,
 We will banish all despair,
 And our hearts this music will entrance.
 And at our country's call,
 We'll rally one and all,
 Then in freedom's cause we will advance, vance, vance;
 Then in freedom's cause we will advance.

KILFINANE, THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

Many a year of sunshine and sorrow,
 Since from old Ireland, alas! did I roam;
 In conflicts of war and the world's sorrow,
 Dear, native Erin, I'll see thee no more.

Oh, my dear Moorestown, I love your highlands,
 For in your bosom I first breathed air;
 I love your mountains, valleys, and wild lands,
 And your meads and river lovely and fair.

My native parish, I'll ne'er forget it,
 Long may it live to fill the trump of fame;
 And in dreams your streets oft do I visit,
 Kilfinane, Kilfinane, long live your name.

Moorestown, Moorestown, I bid you adieu,
 In my heart I'll remember you ever;
 And for aye I'll cherish love for you,
 And your green fields and booming heather.

Limerick County of great renown,
 And th' city of th' violat'd treaty;
 The British Empire will soon go down,
 Don't you forget Sarsfield's chivalry!

My sire's house is level with the ground,
 By England's laws and devastation;
 England's forts will be as Danish mounds,
 Ireland will be a great and glorious nation!

Shannon waters—broad and silvery tide,
 Roll on, thou grand and lordly river;
 Limerick, I remember you with pride,—
 And Sarsfield th' great and glorious victor.

Kilfinane people, now a long farewell,
 (—) And to your mountains and valleys green;
 To your children I hope you yet will tell,
 Who your historian and bard had been.

A HOUSE O' LORDS'-MAN FOR A PENNY.

The Tories now must all gang,
 I am sure it is no pity;
 The burden now of my song,
 A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lido.

Hurrah for the Connaught man,
 The man from Galway city;
 We'll abolish the feudal sham,
 A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lido.

A few lords now hold the lands,
 God made it for the many;
 The people have fire and brands,
 A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lido.

Abolish the house of peers,
 There is one house too many;
 It's fit for sneers and jeers,
 A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lido.

Make a thousand peers for life,
 The plan is as good as any;
 For it will end the land strife,
 A House o' Lords'-man for a penny.
 Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lido.

MY NATIVE LAND.

AIR—The Angel's Whisper.

With a poet's emotion
 I crossed the blue ocean,
 For the land of Columbia, 'yond the blue sea.
 For Erin the grander
 My heart grows the fonder—
 My dear native land, a blessing on thee!
 How sweet are thy roses,
 Primroses and posies—
 The bright purple heather on mountain and lea;
 The sweet scented flowers
 In valleys and bowers
 My dear native land, a blessing on thee
 I love your wild lands,
 Your valleys and highlands,
 Your mountains and forests, moorland and sea;
 Your streams and rivers
 Teeming with fishes—
 My dear native land, a blessing on thee.
 The land of my sires,
 Thy music inspiring,
 Kilfinane, Kilfinane, I'll ne'er forget thee!
 Thy mountains and valleys
 Where oft I did ramble—
 Dear native Erin, a blessing on thee.



IRELAND'S GOLDEN AGE.

IN THE REIGN OF KING BRIAN BORU, A. D. 1000.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand."



THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O, say can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still there;
O say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

It is with sadness that we behold "God Save the Queen," under the disguise of "America," sung in our public schools and on national celebrations, instead of "Hail, Columbia!" "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner." The song, "America," is composed to the music of "God Save the Queen." For this reason we publish here "The Star Spangled Banner."

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key. A nation should never give up its national music for foreign music. The Irish-Americans should never give up "The Star Spangled Banner" for "God Save the Queen."

EPIGRAMS FOR ALBUM.

THE JACKDAW.

A jackdaw, decked in peacock feathers,
 Once tried to flock with birds his betters.
 The peacocks found out his silly trick,
 His borrowed plumes off they did pick.
 They drove off the vain, conceited thing,
 Back to the jackdaws to flock again;
 But his kindred birds despised th' daw,
 And drove him off to the crows to caw!

A PRETENDED FRIEND.

Some do pretend to be a friend
 For to promote some selfish end;
 But a false friend may cause great woe,
 And prove to be a secret foe.

THE DANDY.

Fair without and fraud within,
 Can be said of many men.
 So, young maidens, all beware
 Of the dandy, proud and vain;
 And of the haughty, pompous snob,
 And of the dude or silly fop.

FAME.

Take it easy; go it slow;
 Around and around the world doth go.
 Soon you will be dead and gone—
 Nothing left of you but a song.
 In after years perhaps some sages,
 May read in your historic pages,
 From your books may quote a line
 To float you down the tide of time.

A MISER.

An Epitaph.

A rich miser lies in this hole,
 A little soul he had;
 For the penny he did hoard,
 And money was his god.

His body now is stiff and cold,
 And his flesh is rotten;
 His heirs are squandering his gold,
 Soon he'll be forgotten.

FLATTERY.

Oft men flatter to deceive,
Like the serpent that tempt'd Eve.

FATE.

It is fate's most stern decree,
What is to be—is sure to be;
And we poor mortals here below
Will have our share of grief and woe.

A CHILD.

A child is like a bud—
A blossom in the spring;
A boy is like the rose,
With its thorn and sting.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Happy are childhood days—
When the heart is free from sorrow,
And free from the world's care—
Then anguish doth not harrow!

HEAVEN.

In heaven there's peace and love,
Where dwell angels good and fair;
May we live with them above,
When we leave this world of care.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Honesty should be our aim,
When we seek for gold or fame;
All who succeed by deception
In the end meet with detection.

FAME.

There's a stormy road to fortune,
And to everlasting fame;
There's a royal road to pleasure,
And to folly, sin and shame.

PILGRIMS.

We are but pilgrims weary,
In this valley of grief and tears;
Soon we'll be forgotten fairly,
Alas! alas! in a few years.

BE HAPPY.

This is a world of woe
This is a world of sorrow;
Be happy on this day,
You may not see to-morrow!

THE STUBBORN MAN.

Convince a man against his will,
He'll be of the same opinion still;
For the stubborn man you will find,
Is a man with a narrow mind.

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD.

Spare the rod and spoil the child,
 Isn't the way to make boys civil.
 For, like colts, they will run wild,
 As their hearts are prone to evil.

LOVE AND TRUTH.

Love and truth are divine,
 They spring from God above;
 My heart is ever thine,
 Sealed in eternal love.

LOVELY FAIR.

The rose is the queen of flowers,
 The lily decks the vale;
 Fairer than the summer flowers
 Art thou, sweet lovely fair.

THE ANGELS.

The angels live with God above,
 In glory and great splendor;
 They are all beauty, truth and love,
 Remember, friend! Remember!

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a jewel fair;
 Rubies are both rich and rare;
 But rubies and costly pearls
 Can't compare with you, sweet girl.

KEEP YOUR PLACE.

You'd better keep your place,
Whatever be your station;
For pride meets with disgrace,
Sorrow and vexation!

THE RICH.

For to pile up gold, men spend a life of scheming;
To gain fashion's fold, their daughters are adreaming;
The sons of wealth and pride lead a life of pleasure,
When their fathers die they dissipate their treasure.

FRETFUL PEOPLE.

Don't worry and tease,
No use in faultfinding;
Don't act like a pet;
You're always repining.

KILKENNY CATS.

There were two cats in Kilkenny,
And there was one cat too many;
They quarreled and fit,
They fought and they bit
Till nothing remained
But the tips of their tails;
There was not a cat in Kilkenny.



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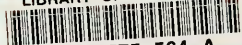
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